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## THINGS WHICH ARE TO BE GOT FOR LITTLE OR NOTHING.

PROPRIETED out as the world is into the hands of comparatively a few, and jealous as propertied men naturally are for the protection of their property, it is surprising, after all, how much of it remains to be freely enjoyed by all, without charter and without challenge. There are some things, fortunately, which man cannot make property of, otherwise they would have doubtless been appropriated long ere now. These things nature may be said to reserve in a perpetual commonity for the benefit of her whole family. And even of the things which become property, it may be said that many of them are in some measure common too, seeing that they are actually appreciated as property, only on account of the pleasure which the contemplation of them gives to others. Let us look a little into this very cheering state of things for the people with slender purses.

It cannot well be denied, we think, that, so far at least as the sense of sight is concerned, mankind are nearly all upon a par. The owner of large estates cannot indulge this sense in a greater degree upon his own property, than may the lowest of his vassals. After enclosures and even man-traps have done their utmost, there is still an almost unlimited command, to all, of the pleasure of looking upon the kindly face of nature. If we cannot see one patch of the green surface, we can see another. If we cannot obtain a nearer view, we can at least have a distant view. Even supposing the surface of the earth to be nearly shut out, we could still survey that most beautiful of all things, the sky, or, possibly, that most sublime, the sea. But the fortunate fact is, as just alluded to, that the possessors of fine domains are usually very willing that they should be seen, so that practically the most beautiful parts of every country are free to the whole world. To those, then, who have not allowed a taste for the beauties of nature to become altogether extinct in their minds, country walks form an ever-ready means of gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous enjoyment. It is not only a simple and innocent pleasure, but it is one which greatly to invigorate both the bodily and the mental system. One day thus spent at no cost will not only in all probability yield more of real gratification than numberless evenings spent in giddier joys, but it will improve him who enjoys it, while the other kind of pleasures only do harm. This pleasure is extremely accessible and extremely cheap. Those who live in the country have it at hand, and those who live in large cities can command it for a trifle. It is one of the most pleasing results of the recent application of steam to locomotion by sea and land, that it has put it in the power of almost all orders of the community to stir a little from home. Sixpence a-head now suffices, or will soon suffice, to take the people of almost every large town in Britain half a dozen miles into the country. The good of this is incalculable. It has a tendency to preserve and invigorate natural and healthy life. It cheers and compensates a life of labour and application. Above all things, it enables the man in the most crowded circumstances to take along with him his wife and children, so that, as their toils and hardships are so, are their little enjoyments, and the family bond is kept firm. To such persons the mere exemption from labour and removal from accustomed objects is a great pleasure. If the weather be fine, and they get into some pleasant rural scene, where they are surrounded by a little green-sward, and any thing in the shape of a purring brook, how delightful to sit down around a vision basket, and eat their simple meal in jocund content, laughing for very joy at the novelty and beauty of their situation, and altogether unenvious of

the great man who owns the fee-simple of the ground! Such a scene of cheap and innocent pleasure recalls the fine philosophisings of old Walton:—"Let me tell you, master, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many lawsuits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts that he himself had not leisure to take that sweet content that I who pretended no title to them, took in his fields: for I could sit there quietly; and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May: these, and many other field flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like the field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off and lose their hottest scent. I say, as I sat thus joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; or rather they enjoy what the others possess and enjoy not; for meek-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily expressed it—

Hail! bless'd estate of lowliness:  
Happy enjoyments of such minds  
As, rich in self-contentedness,  
Can, like the reeds in roughest winds,  
By yielding make that blow but small,  
At which proud oaks and cedars fall."

To take a more general view of these costless graces of nature, let us just reflect—yes, let us seriously reflect, on the great and cheap pleasure which is so frequently presented to us, in the shape of a *good day*. A good day comes and goes—many good days come and go in succession—without our ever perceiving what a great blessing nature has designed it to be to us. In truth, it is an enjoyment, both to the mind and body, such as no property on earth could purchase. Suppose it were wanting in nature, it is impossible to conceive any thing which could supply its place. A good day shows forth the external world clothed in the utmost splendour. The music, the odour, the balm, the colours, which it brings to our various senses, are exquisite. It makes cheerfulness a physical reality. Merely considered as a show, it is glorious beyond all human imitation. Merely considered as a medical appliance to the surface of our bodies, it has a virtue beyond all the arts of the physician. People gladly pay, in certain circumstances, for hot, cold, and vapour baths; but an hour's exposure to the delicious oxygen of a fine forenoon, which costs nothing, is worth all the baths that ever were fe'd. It is difficult, in our existing artificial circumstances, to convince ourselves that there is any real pleasure in such things. They seem no more than what should be human nature's daily food, and appear only as the dead level from which pleasure is to spring. Yet to a rightly framed system they present enjoyment as palpable as any. They only require to be considered as pleasures—to be regarded as bounties of a kind though unseen parent—in order to be felt as pleasures. Some little effort in steadying the mind to look upon every

fine natural thing as a source of gratification, and meant to be such, would soon enable us to walk much more enjoyingly through the pilgrimage of existence. Why should we so much admire and enjoy artificial things, and so little regard the much more noble things of the same kind which nature presents? The most magnificent saloon that ever was lighted up for the banquets of conquering kings, what is it to the great temple, sun-lit or star-lit, of Nature? The finest landscape painting that art, in her dearest mood, ever drew, though nobles may purchase it for the rent of an estate, and hang it up for their glorification in their proudest halls, what is it to any one of the numberless pictures which Nature is presenting, every successive minute of all ages, to every living eye, over the whole space of the earth; many of which pictures, without their having been appreciated by one of her living and ungrateful children, she uncomplainingly withdraws, never again to be presented in exactly the same style, but to be replaced immediately by something equally though differently beautiful, which in its turn will be consigned without a sigh to everlasting oblivion! We complain of something called familiarity, which renders us regardless of natural as of all other objects. But is it possible ever to be familiar with all the charms of nature? The world is so constituted that the first sight of the extern of any object is but an introduction to a further acquaintance with it, and any particular fact ascertained respecting its constitution and relation to other objects, only provokes a desire to ascertain more. The absolutely ignorant are alone satisfied with what they know. They only should be expected to become indifferent to nature from familiarity. The more we learn, the more we see remains to be learned; and even that particular person, whoever he may be, who has acquainted himself with more of nature than any of his fellow-creatures, would be ready to acknowledge, that, to all appearance, there was enough remaining unknown to give delighted employment to his inquiring and contemplative faculties for twenty lives, if he could have so many, and that in reality there seems to be no bound to nature but the limits of our powers and our opportunities.

This brings us to the important truth, that, by the cultivation of the mind, and the acquisition of knowledge, a vast field of cheap pleasures is opened up to us. There are two ways of drawing pleasure from nature. We may do so, as the poet does, by cultivating our finer perceptions and sympathies, so that the humblest object and the most simple circumstance may become to us a subject of delightful meditation. Or we may do so, as the philosopher does, by studying the laws under which all natural things exist and proceed. Whether, in meeting a primrose of the rock, we ponder over it as a sweet wilding, content to fulfil its humble duty of adorning a place where there are few to see, or examine its physiological structure, and admire the provisions which the God of cedars and of primroses has made for rearing and sustaining such a plant, we are equally purveying to ourselves a cheap, a pure, and an improving pleasure. Whoever has sufficient poetry or science thus to enliven his intercourse with nature, may be said to possess two talismans almost equal in magical power to those of the hero of Oriental fable. He can call up food from the wild, and surround himself with pleasant company, wherever he may be. A representative or ideal enjoyment to the very same purport may be obtained from books, and of these it may be emphatically said that, of all kinds of property, they are the lowest in cost. Reading, in fact, is now-a-days almost as free as air.

It would thus appear that all the best pleasures are the cheapest. Nature seems to tell us that we have only to restrain our wishes to what is good, and pure, and elevating, in order to be satisfied without cost. On the other hand, the least respectable of our desires are the most expensive. The most costly of all is that mere desire of possessing—that pride of property—which obviously is the moving cause of all the severest toils and greatest perils which man encounters. If we could control this confessedly insatiable desire, and esteem things without regard to the importance they might give us in the eyes of others, we should lead much happier lives at a tenth part of the cost.

#### TEXAS.—FIRST ARTICLE.

WE propose to entertain our readers with a few articles on the subject of Texas, about which exceedingly little seems to be known in this country, notwithstanding the numerous allusions to it in the newspapers. The only circumstance which we have to premise, is, that, as a matter of necessity, we have to draw our information from two directly opposite authorities, one in the Mexican, the other in the Anglo-American interest; but betwixt the two, we hope to be able to make up such a body of facts that the reader will have it in his power to attain something like a correct idea of the subject in its different complex bearings.\*

If our readers will take up a map of North America, and carry their eye along its extensive line of sea-coast, from the Gulf of St Lawrence southwards, they will observe that an immensely large bay juts into the land at about the 29th degree of north latitude, called the Gulf of Mexico, and seems almost to sever North from South America. Into this noble inland sea flows a considerable number of the largest rivers which drain the continent of North America. Among the number, it receives the Mississippi, which brings with it the waters of the Ohio, Missouri, Arkansas, Red River, and other large streams, the magnitude and length of which we can form no adequate idea of in this country. The territory of the United States, whence these rivers flow, touches the Gulf only on a portion of its northern shore; and here, on one of the mouths of the Mississippi, is placed the city of New Orleans. Advancing westwards along the shore from New Orleans, we soon enter a territory which has for centuries formed a province of Mexico or New Spain, the capital of which is hundreds of miles away in the interior. This district is Texas, the bulk of which lies within the 27th and 33d degree of north latitude.

The extreme length of Texas is from 1000 to 1200 miles, and its average breadth 330 miles; it is therefore a country about a third or perhaps a half larger than the island of Great Britain. Its extent of sea-coast along the north and north-west shore of the Gulf, is about 300 miles. One of the most striking features of its character is the number of rivers, great and small, which flow through it into the Gulf, and afford the means of extensive inland traffic by water. The principal rivers are the Brazos, Colorado, Trinidad, Guadalupe, Sabine, San Antonio, Rio de las Nueces, and Naches. The name of the Brazos (in the Spanish language, *El Brazos de Dios*—the Arm of God) is figuratively significant of its character; it being placid and beneficent in repose—mighty and terrible in wrath. It affords the means of steam-boat navigation for some hundreds of miles into the upper part of the province. As in the case of most of the other rivers, the Brazos empties itself into a large salt lake, or inlet of the sea, around which, to a vast extent, the land is charged with mineral salt, which may be gathered in abundance during the dry seasons. The river Trinidad, lying east from the Brazos, falls into a large salt-water lake or bay, called Galveston Bay, by which a good deal of commerce has hitherto been carried on with the upper country. The Nueces river bounds Texas on the west, separating it from the province of Coahuila. In Texas, the number of what are called second and third-rate rivers is considerable, and among these we find the San Jacinto, which is navigable for thirty-five miles from Galveston Bay—the Navidad, a hundred miles in length, and also navigable for a part of its course—Buffalo Bayou; and some others of lesser importance.

A single glance at the map is sufficient to show the great advantages which Texas derives from its rivers and its local position. In an inland direction, its commerce may be extended many hundreds of miles, into the United States on the one side, and the Mexican states on the other. The intercourse along the shores of the Gulf is easy and safe. A day or two's sail will take you to the mouth of the Mississippi, and thence you may penetrate by water as far as Canada. At an additional day or two's sail from the Gulf, you have Vera Cruz, Havanna, and other West Indian markets. Nature would thus appear to have been prodigal in her favours to this finely situated territory, which may one day be the centre of a prodigious internal and external commerce.

\* Our authorities are, *History of Texas*; Cincinnati, 1836. *Visit to Texas*; New York, 1836. *Public Addresses of Wharton and Austin*; New York, 1836. *War in Texas* (speech of John Quincy Adams in Congress); Philadelphia, 1836. *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, 1831. *Works of Colonel Crockett*. And some American newspapers.

All descriptions of the country coincide in stating its lower regions to be little else than a series of extensive flat plains or prairies, spread out as far as the eye can reach, and here and there interspersed with what is called a rolling country. The greater proportion of the land forms an immense inclined plane, the apex of which is the high land south of the Red River. From this summit, which is by no means high, the inclination is towards the south-east, and surprisingly uniform. The surface is beautifully undulating to within about sixty or seventy miles of the coast, where it becomes level. The whole tract is, without exception, free from marsh or lakes, even down to the inlets which skirt the coast. A geologist, on looking at the country and examining its soil, would at once pronounce the level region to be alluvial; a mere collection of particles of earth washed down by the rivers from the great central districts of North America.

The appearance of the prairie lands is thus described by the author of the *Visit to Texas*:—"I was very much struck with the uniformity of the surface in the prairie, which I had often heard of so particularly, but never observed before. I had now run a mile or more over it, without meeting a single irregularity or obstacle, a stone, a pebble, a bush, or even a shrub. Scarcely a blade of grass seemed to rise above six inches in height. And thus this extensive plain, neglected by man, and tended only by the hand of nature, presented a surface as level as the most carefully rolled garden-walk, and was covered with a coat of green as uniform as a smooth shaven lawn, or a vast sheet of velvet. And this scene was not confined to a small vale or meadow, or bounded by a range of neighbouring hills, but stretched off to a vast distance on almost every side, on the one hand seeming to melt into the Gulf of Mexico, and on the other to meet the horizon. There was nothing elevated, or rough, or wild, to contrast with the flat surface of green; and after a few moments spent in contemplating the plain, finding it varied only by the distant groves which were seen towards the north, the mind feels a kind of surprise at finding that the senses are almost useless where there is so little to give them exercise. Such were some of my feelings at the first sight of a prairie."

The same writer, in travelling near Galveston Bay, remarks:—"We had afterwards to pass over another beautiful prairie region, where our eyes were refreshed with the luxuriant scene presented on every side. The grass was nearly up to the horses' knees, and so thick and green, that it entirely concealed every trace of the black surface formed by the burning of the dry plants a few weeks preceding, and which was in some spots discernible when we passed this way before. In some places I observed patches covered with sensitive plants, and in others flowers were blooming in great variety, while we were usually the only living objects to be seen. We saw occasionally the fine cattle belonging to the farms, ranging over their extensive estates; but in the wide intervals between them, we seldom found any thing but the birds possessed of animal life. The cattle had already begun to show the effects of their improved pasturage, and were remarkably fat, sleek, and vigorous, ranging totally unrestrained over regions immensely disproportioned even to their great numbers, and grazing to their hearts' content on herbage which grew tenfold faster than they could consume it. With my pocket compass to direct us, we now set off across the prairies, proceeding somewhat carelessly over the verdant and boundless lawn that spread before us, in some places apparently to the horizon. What acres, what miles, what leagues square of the most fertile land were now in sight without a human inhabitant! And how easy would it be for a stranger to become bewildered in travelling over them! There was not a road to be traced, not even the slightest appearance of a path, or of a single footstep. If any passenger had taken that course before this season, the rank herbage had entirely obliterated every evidence of it. An unbroken surface of grass, intermingled here and there with beautiful flowers, extended on every side of us to a great distance; in some places bounded by a distant grove or range of trees, and in others stretched far between points and islands of woodland, till lost in the thickness of the air. These, however, were often shut out from the view by the thickness of the vapour, and there was nothing to vary the scene, more than is found in the midst of the ocean.

I had never been at all prepared for the indescribable beauty of a Texas prairie at this season of the year, which I now could not avoid admiring, even under such unpleasant circumstances. The wild-flowers had greatly multiplied, so that they were often spread around us in the utmost profusion, and in wonderful variety. Some of those which are most cultivated in our northern gardens were here in full bloom and perfection, intermingled with many which I had never before seen, of different forms and colours. I should despair of giving my reader any adequate idea of the scenes which were thus so richly adorned, and through which we often passed for acres in extent, breaking for ourselves the only path perceptible on the whole prairie. Among the flowers were the largest and most delicate I had ever seen, with others the most gaudy. Among them were conspicuous different species about six inches in diameter, presenting concentric zones of the brightest yellow, red, and blue, in striking contrasts. In more than one instance, these fields of flowers were not only so gay and luxuriant as to seem

like a vast garden richly stocked with the finest plants, and abandoned to a congenial soil, but extensive almost beyond limitation; for it was sometimes difficult to discover whether they stopped short of the horizon. It was singular also that patches were here and there overspread by mimosa, which, as our horses passed through them, drew up their leaves and dropped their branches whenever they were brushed by their feet; thus making a withered trace on the surface, which was but gradually obliterated as these timid plants regained their courage, raised their stems again, and expanded their withered leaves. The plants whose sensitiveness had thus been overcome, were rendered distinguishable to the eye from others, by the exposure they made of the lower side of their leaves when they folded them up; that side being of a much lighter hue than the upper. There was a phenomenon connected with this striking appearance, which I was at the time unable to account for, and could hardly credit; that was, the shrinking of the delicate plants a little in advance of us, before we had quite reached them. A friend who had witnessed the same thing, accounted for it by supposing that they received a shock through the long horizontal roots which connect them together.

Through these vast and splendid regions coursed occasionally a few deer. We saw several herds of six or eight through the day, and some much larger. Most of them were accompanied by fawns, smooth, red, and beautifully spotted, as innocent and frisky as young lambs, and like them keeping close to their dams wherever they went. We found in this case, as in others, that we might sometimes approach pretty near to them when we came against the wind, but they would scent us at a considerable distance from the leeward, and bound far away. We also saw several small droves of wild mustangs as we travelled on, which betrayed greater interest or curiosity towards us. They would start off at their slow gallop with their long manes and tails flying, while their thick fetlocks and foretops gave them a wild untutored aspect; and sweeping off in a semicircle to the right or left, scour over half a mile or a mile of the prairie, and then stop to survey us until we again approached them. After repeating this manœuvre several times, they generally changed their course and disappeared. These little horses, though not ill formed, are destitute of the peculiar beauty and elegance which are attributed to certain wild species of larger size. They are also not very swift, but yet are very valuable to the inhabitants, and will doubtless long prove so.

These regions present no obstacle to the traveller in any direction, except where they are crossed by streams, their soil also is generally rich, and often of almost incalculable fertility. No forests are to be cleared away; and yet, in many places, there is sufficient wood for the limited necessities created by the climate. How many attractions does this splendid country appear at first sight to offer to a settler from our cold and northern states! No rocky and barren ledges to lie waste for ever, no steep acclivities to be tilted or to be climbed over; no provision to be made for the housing of cattle; no raising, cutting, curing, removing, stowing, or feeding out of winter fodder; not even the construction of hay stacks, much less the erection of barns or stables for crops and stock. How difficult it is to a northerner to bear in mind the reality, that all these great features of soil, climate, and rural life in his own country, are here to be dispensed with! He naturally inquires, 'What then can remain for the industrious man to do?' The whole business of raising cattle is of course reduced, as it was in the land of Canaan, to the simple operation of letting them take care of themselves, eat, drink, and fatten on the rich pastures and under the genial climate, until the owner chooses to claim tribute of their flesh, hide, and horns.

The rolling lands of Texas are described as not less beautiful than the level prairies, with their flowers and islands, or groups of trees. The author of the *History of Texas*, D. B. Edward (who tells us in his preface that he was born on the banks of the Tay, in Scotland), rises into enthusiasm in describing his sensations on first beholding the undulating plains between the Red River (a boundary with the United States on the north) and the Trinidad. "Now, reader, your relater is lost for words to describe the landscape after crossing the river Trinidad; as no language can convey to the mind any thing adequate to the emotions felt by the visitor, in ascending this vast irregularly regular slope of immense undulating plains, which expand before the eye in graceful rolls, affording from the summits of their gentle swells a boundless prospect of verdure—blending the distance, to the utmost extent of vision, with the blue of the horizon. Few spectacles surpass it in beauty and magnificence. The boundless expanse and profound repose of these immense plains, excite emotions of sublimity akin to those which arise from a contemplation of the ocean, in its display of undulatory movements. Yea, a more grand and stupendous silence even broods over these regions, where often neither sound nor sight, foreign to the scene, disturbs the contemplation of the passing traveller.

These rolling prairies are generally divided by broad declivities, through which meanders in winding curves one of those brooks, creeks, or branches which enter the Trinidad, or Brazos, or Colorado; which, as they approach these rivers, there is more or less of timber, relieving the eye, in unison with the fine airy groves of every shape, with which the prairie



mounds are studded. These rows of timber and picturesque groves are called islands, from the striking resemblance they present to small tracts of land surrounded by water. Nothing can be more natural than the comparison, as the prairies often assume the appearance of a lake both in surface and colour; and in the remoter parts, the hue melts into that of distant water. And it requires no very great effort of the imagination, especially in certain states of the weather, and changes of the light, to fancy that such is the reality of the scene. Yea, so much has nature contributed to the illusory appearance of these groves, that they often present all the beauty of art; for the trees are of nearly equal size, and grow near together, without underwood, and present outlines perfectly well defined, and often surprisingly regular, some appearing to form exact circles or ovals, while others are nearly square or oblong, with scarcely a single tree projecting beyond; so that it is found difficult to divest one's self of the impression that much of the land had been lately cleared, and these were the remains of the forest. Taking this interesting part of the province in all its bearings, I doubt whether another could be found like it on the continent—from its one mile encircled prairie, to those of twenty miles in extent."

Extensive valleys of alluvial soil are found among the mountain ranges in the upper country, particularly upon the water-courses; and the scenery in these hilly districts is at once wild, sublime, and beautiful. They are also considered to be the most healthful and free from the numerous insects which plague the lower regions in the hottest part of the year.

### THE COUNT AND THE COUSIN, A STORY.

"Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?" said Charles Winstanley to Horace Grenville, as they proceeded down the steps of the city hotel.

"That was Adelaide Walsingham, your cousin and mine, Charles," said Horace; "really you must have left your memory among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognise your nearest of kin."

"You forget, Horace, that when I last saw Adelaide, she was a lively little hoyden, scarce ten years old;—the lapse of seven years makes a wondrous difference in a lady, whatever it may do with a gentleman."

"Nay, if you begin to discuss Time's changes, Charles, I must confess you cannot congratulate yourself upon having escaped a touch of his finger. Who, in that bronzed complexion and hirsute visage, could discover any traces of the smooth-cheeked boy whom I last saw on the deck of a French packet-ship some seven years ago? But tell me, why did you not write that you were coming home?"

"Because I did not know my own mind, Horace; I really was not quite certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The odd pronunciation of my German valet having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers as Mr Stanley, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return incognito, and I thought I would humour the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognise me. I arrived late last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city, had I not accidentally met you this morning; and even you, Horace, did not at first know me."

"Know you, Charles! who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of brush-wood upon your lip and cheek? Do you really mean to wear those enormous whiskers and moustaches?"

"Certainly not longer than suits my present purposes, Horace. When I was in Germany, I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I learned to smoke the meerschaum—because every body else did it. In Paris I reduced them a little, but did not entirely banish them, because there also I found them the fashion. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagged a pair of Paris gloves that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me 'bearded like the pard.'"

"Nay, if you like them," said Horace, laughing, "you need not seek an excuse for wearing them; they are quite the fashion, and ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his altitude, but by the length of his whiskers."

"I have no desire to win ladies' favour by wearing an unshaven face," answered Charles; "but pray, Horace, tell me something more about our pretty cousin."

"She is as lovely in character, Charles, as she is in person, but she has one great fault: like the most of our fashionable belles, she has a mania for every thing foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servants, all come from abroad, and she has declared to me repeatedly her resolution never to marry an American."

"What is it that my fair countrywomen so much admire in their foreign lovers?" asked Charles.

"Oh, they say there is a polish and elegance of manner belonging to foreigners, which Americans never possess. Two of Adelaide's intimate friends have recently married scions of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance."

"If she were to marry a western farmer," said Charles, with a smile, "she would reign over a principality quite as large, and perhaps more flourishing, than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles."

"Adelaide is a noble-hearted girl," replied Horace, "and I wish she could be cured of her folly."

"If she is really a sensible girl, Horace, and that is her only fault, I think she might be cured."

Horace shook his head.

"Come and dine with me, Horace; be careful to tell no one of my arrival, and we'll discuss the matter over a bottle of fine old Madeira, if you are not too fashionable to drink it."

The windows of Mr Walsingham's house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary-looking street, while the music heard at intervals told to the gaping crowd collected about the door, that the rich were making merry. The decorated rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white crape, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau confining her dark tresses, she looked the personification of joy.

"Cousin Horace," she exclaimed, as she saw her favourite cousin enter the room, "you have not been here these three days;" and then, in a lower tone, she added, "who was that splendid Don Whiskerando with whom I saw you walking yesterday?"

Horace laid his finger on his lip as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the room—"Miss Walsingham, allow me to present to you the most noble Count Pfeiffenhammer."

The blood mounted into Adelaide's cheek as the Count bowed low over the hand which he hastened to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous sparkle in Horace's eye, and a deep and earnest devotedness in the stranger's manner, which made her feel a little uncomfortable, though she knew not why. A single glance sufficed to show her that the Count was attired in a magnificent court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee, and a diamond band looping up the elegant *chapeau-bras* which encumbered his arm. After some minutes she ventured to look more courageously at him. He was tall and exceedingly well shaped; his eyes were very bright, but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth, garnished with the most splendid moustache that ever graced an American ballroom. Adelaide was delighted. He danced elegantly; not with the stiff awkward manner of an American, who always seems half ashamed of the undignified part he is playing, but with a buoyancy of step and grace of motion perfectly unrivalled.

Adelaide was enchanted. He spoke English very well; a slight German accent alone betrayed his foreign birth, and Adelaide did not like him the less for that. It is true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the waltz in the arms of an entire stranger, and her brow flushed with something very like anger, when she felt his bearded lip upon her hand, as he placed her in a seat, but this was only the freedom of foreign manners.

The evening passed away like a dream, and Adelaide retired to her room with a burning cheek, and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure. She was too much excited for sleep, and when she appeared at her father's breakfast-table (a duty which she never neglected), it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye that he was seriously alarmed.

"These late hours will kill you, my child," said he, as he kissed her forehead; "I shall return at noon, and if I find you still so languid, I'll send for Dr——"

So saying, he stepped into his carriage and drove to his counting-room, where, immersed in business, he quite forgot Adelaide's cheek, until the dinner hour summoned him from his dingy little office to his stately mansion. As he entered the door, he recollected Adelaide's exhausted look.

"Poor child," murmured he, "I wonder how she is." A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant threw open the drawing-room, and the sight of her radiant countenance, looking more brilliant than ever, as she sat between Cousin Horace and the Count, soon quieted his fears.

Mr Walsingham, in common with most Americans of the olden time, had a great prejudice against foreigners. "If they are real lords," he used to say, "they don't want my daughter; and if they are not real lords, my daughter don't want them." His notions of the Teutonic character were founded upon the wonderful stories which his mother used to tell him about the Hessians, and vague ideas of ruffians and child-eaters were associated in his mind with every thing German. The coldness with which he saluted the noble Count, formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped the hand of his nephew.

"Glad to see you, Horace—couldn't speak a word to you last night, you were so surrounded with pretty girls. By the way, boy," drawing him aside, "who is that hairy-faced fellow?"

"That is Count Pfeiffenhammer, uncle."

"Count Pfeiffenhammer!—well, the Germans have certainly an odd fancy in names. Pray what is his business?" "Business!" said Horace, laughing; "why, his chief business at present is to receive the revenues of his principality."

"Principality!—fudge!—a few barren acres with half-a-dozen mud-hovels on it, I suppose. It won't do, Horace—it won't do! Adelaide deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I could treat him with common civility, if it were not for your sake."

"Then, for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly, and I give you my word you shall not repent your kindness."

Every day saw the Count paying his devoirs to the lovely Adelaide, and always framing some very winning excuse for his visit. A bouquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, a scarce book, or a beautiful specimen of foreign mechanism, were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when proffered by a rich young nobleman, who wore such splendid whiskers, and whose moustache and imperial were the envy of all the aspirants after ladies' smiles? Adelaide soon began to discover, that, when the Count was present, time flew on eagles' wings; and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in her drawing-room at evening, she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which she was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Horace afforded him the opportunity of being her companion abroad as well as at home, and in the gay evening party, the morning promenade, or the afternoon ride, the handsome Count was ever her attendant.

A feeling of gratified vanity probably aided the natural goodness of Adelaide's temper, and enabled her to endure, with exemplary equanimity, the raileries of her young friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy.

"You have had all your whims gratified, Adelaide," said he; "now you must indulge one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry—my name was transmitted to me unsullied by my father, who earned his patent of nobility when he signed the declaration of independence, and no empty-titled foreigner shall ever reap the fruits of my toil, or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her republican father."

The earnestness of these admonitions from a parent who had never before spoken except in the words of unbounded tenderness, first led Adelaide to look into the depths of her own heart. She was almost terrified at her own researches, when she found that she had allowed the image of the Count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repent her folly.

"I wish he were an American," sighed she; "and yet, if he were, he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners are—how much feeling there is in all he says and does!"

Poor Adelaide! she was like the fascinated bird—she dreaded his power, yet she could not withdraw herself from its influence. She could not conceal from herself the fact that the manners of the Count too were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant, he had gradually become the impassioned lover. He treasured her every look and word, and she keenly felt, that, in exposing her own peace of mind, she had also risked the loss of his.

This state of things could not long exist without an explanation. Six months had scarcely passed since Adelaide first beheld the noble stranger, and already her young cheek had lost its glow, and her step its buoyant lightness. She was sitting alone one morning, brooding over her melancholy forebodings, when the door opened, and the object of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her, he commenced a conversation full of those graceful nothings which women always love to hear; but Adelaide was in no mood for gaiety. The Count intently watched the play of her eloquent features, and then, as if he divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke of himself—of his various adventures—of his personal feelings—and, finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Adelaide's cheek grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry which rose to her lips. The Count gazed earnestly upon her; then seizing her hand and clasping it closely between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection. Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Adelaide sat motionless as a statue, until aroused by the Count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach she attempted to answer him. Faulteringly but frankly she stated her father's objections to her union with a foreigner, and blamed herself for having permitted an intimacy which could only end in suffering for both.

"Only tell me, Adelaide, that your father's prejudices are the sole obstacle," said the Count passionately; "say but that you could have loved me, and I shall be content." Adelaide blushed and trembled.

"For the love of heaven, answer me but by a look!" Timidly that downcast eye was raised to his, and he was answered.

"Adelaide," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "we may yet be happy. Could you love the humble citizen as well as the noble Count?"

A slight pressure of the hand which lay in his, and a soft smile on the tremulous lip, was sufficient reply.

"Then hear me, Adelaide," said her lover; "I will return to my country—I will restore my honours to him who bestowed them, and then I may hope to merit——"

"My utter contempt!" cried Adelaide, vehemently.

"What, resign your country—forget the name of your fathers—desert your inheritance of duties!—No, Count Pfeiffenhammer! if a love of freedom led you to become a citizen of our happy land, none would so gladly welcome you as Adelaide Walsingham; but never would I receive the sacrifice as a tribute to transitory passion." "A transitory passion, Adelaide!"

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"Could I expect stability of feeling in him who can so easily abandon his native land, and forget the claims of his country? You have taught me a bitter lesson, Count. No American would have shown such weakness of character as I have witnessed in him whom I fondly believed to be all that his lips professed. Would we had never met," added she, bursting into tears. "Adelaide," said the Count, "those precious tears assure me that you love me. Be mine, sweet one;—your father will not be inexorable." "And therefore," said she, "you would have me make him wretched for life. Count Pfeiffenhammer, we must part! You do not understand my nature—I have been deceived in you!" "You have! you have been deceived, my own sweet cousin!" cried the Count, as he covered her hand with passionate kisses. "You have rejected Count Pfeiffenhammer; will you also refuse the hand of your madcap cousin, Charles Winstanley, whose little wife you were seven years ago?"

Adelaide started from her seat in wild surprise. "What means all this?—Charles Winstanley!—the Count!" The sudden revulsion of feeling overpowered her, and cousin Horace entered the room just in time to see her sink fainting in Charles Winstanley's arms. The anger of the lady, when she recovered and learned the trick which had been practised upon her—the merriment of cousin Horace—the satisfaction of the father, and the final reconciliation of all differences—may be far better imagined than described.

A few weeks after, a splendid party was again assembled in Mr Walsingham's drawing-rooms; but Adelaide was no longer the life of the party. Attired in bridal array, and decked with the rich jewels which once sparkled on the person of the false Count, she sat in blushing beauty beside her cousin Charles, who, now that he had shaven off his moustache and reduced his whiskers, looked like what he really was, a true American. "But why, Charles, did you woo me in such outlandish guise?" whispered she, smiling.

"Because you vowed to marry none but an outlandish wooer. Plain Charles Winstanley would never have been allowed the opportunity of winning the heart which Count Pfeiffenhammer so closely besieged." "Ay, ay, Charles," said the happy father, "if American women would only value a man for the weight of his brains, rather than the lightness of his heels, and the strength of his principles, rather than the elegance of his manners, we should have less of foreign foppery, and more of homely virtue in our country."

**THE BAGPIPER IN TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.**  
In the London Magazine, an extinct but excellent work, occurs the following anecdote, respecting a statue which for many years has occupied a site in a garden on the terrace in Tottenham Court Road:—

The statue in question is executed in a fine free-stone, representing a bagpiper, in a sitting posture, playing on his pipes, with his dog and keg of liquor by his side, the latter of which stands upon a neat stone pedestal.

The following singular history is attached to its original execution. During the great plague of London, carts were sent round the city each night, the drivers of which rang a bell, as intimation for every house to bring out its dead. The bodies were then thrown promiscuously into the cart, and conveyed to a little distance in the environs, where deep ditches were dug, in which the bodies were deposited.

The piper (as represented in the statue) had his constant stand at the bottom of Holborn, near St Andrew's Church. He became well known about the neighbourhood, and picked up a living from the passengers going that way, who generally threw him a few pence as the reward of his musical talents. A certain gentleman, who never failed in his generosity to the piper, was surprised, on passing one day as usual, to miss him from his accustomed place: upon inquiry, he found that the poor man had been taken ill in consequence of a very singular accident. On the joyful occasion of the arrival of one of his countrymen from the Highlands, the piper had in fact made too free with the contents of his keg: these so overpowered his faculties that he stretched himself out upon the steps of the church, and fell fast asleep. These were not times to sleep on church steps with impunity. He was found in this situation when the dead-cart went its rounds; and the carter, supposing of course, as the most likely thing in every way, that the man was dead, made no scruple to put his fork under the piper's belt, and with some assistance hoisted him into his vehicle, which was nearly full, with the charitable intention that our Scotch musician should share the usual brief ceremonies of interment. The piper's faithful dog protested against this seizure of his master, and attempted to prevent the unceremonious removal; but, failing of success, he fairly jumped into the cart after him, to the no small annoyance of the men, whom he would not suffer to come near the body; he further took upon himself the office of chief mourner, by setting up the most lamentable howling as they passed along.

The streets and roads by which they had to go, being very rough, the jolting of the cart, added to the howling of the dog, had soon the effect of waking our drunken musician from his trance. It was dark; and the piper when he first recovered himself, could form no idea either of his numerous companions, or his conductors. Instinctively, however, he felt about for his pipes, and playing up a merry Scotch tune, terrified, in no small measure, the carters, who were utterly at a loss to guess what they had got in their conveyance. A little time, however, put all to rights; lights were got; and it turned out that the noisy corpse was the well-known living piper, who was joyfully released from his awful and perilous situation. The poor

man fell badly ill after this unpleasant excursion, and was relieved, during his malady, by his former benefactor, who, to perpetuate the remembrance of so wonderful an escape, resolved, as soon as his patient had recovered, to employ a sculptor to execute him in stone; not omitting his faithful dog and keg of liquor.

The famous Caius Gabriel Cibber (father to Colley Cibber, the comedian) was then in high repute, from the circumstance of his having executed the beautiful figures which originally were placed over the entrance-gate of Old Bethlehem Hospital; and the statue in question, of the Highland bagpiper, remains an additional specimen of the merits of this great artist as a statuary.

The figure of the bagpiper was long afterwards purchased by John, the Great Duke of Argyle, and came from his collection, at his demise, into the possession of the present proprietor.

#### VOYAGE OF AN ELEPHANT FROM INDIA.

In one of my voyages, it was my good fortune to have as a shipmate one of the great ones of the East—a personage of vast weight in his own country, and still more run after and admired on his arrival in this. Though he came on board with but one attendant, and with no luggage but a single trunk, he trod the deck with as firm a step and as lordly a mien as if he had been one of the magnates of the ship, as well as of the land. The captain himself was fain to keep at a respectful distance from his passenger. He was silent and reserved in his demeanour; and the only person whom he honoured with exclusive friendship and attention, was a little white-faced, under-sized, dirty fellow, who acted as butcher on board. Be not surprised at this singular preference, gentle reader; the passenger with a single trunk was the same elephant which now exhibits its lordly form in the Regent Park Zoological Gardens, and it was but natural that he should feel particularly attached to the man whose constant care it was to administer to his wants, and to study to gratify his peculiar tastes.

It was in July 1830 that preparations were made on board the Honourable Company's ship *L—* for the reception of our unwieldy passenger. In all large East India ships, there is a space between the booms, and before the bow of the long-boat, in which is a large open-barred pen, fitted up as a cow-house. In the present case, the roof of this was raised a few feet, the cow transferred to other quarters, and the place made as commodious as possible for its new tenant. Quantities of plantain stems, pumpkins, hay, joggery (a kind of coarse sugar), and other elephant luxuries, were sent on board, and an anxious look-out was kept for a favourable opportunity for the animal's embarkation—a matter of no trifling difficulty, as all those know who have crossed the Madras surf, and all those *may* know, who will read Captain Basil Hall's account of it. At length the wished-for opportunity presented itself, and the elephant was marched down to the beach—the day was fine, and the surf uncommonly low. Many years had elapsed since an exhibition of the kind had taken place; and as great curiosity was excited on shore, a crowd assembled to witness the interesting spectacle. A large cargo-raft or catamaran was brought close to the water-mark on the beach, on each side of which a barricade of spars had been raised, with a vacant space between them in the centre. The elephant, with his keeper on his neck, was made to walk on to the raft, where he stood quietly between the barricades, while his fore and hind feet were secured with ropes to the spars below, and under his belly a stout piece of wood was passed, the ends of which rested on the barricades, so as partially to support the weight of his body. A well-manned massoolah boat lay outside the first line of surf, with a tow-line attached to the raft on shore. When all was ready, the catamaran was launched into the surf by a strong party of coolies, while the men in the massoolah boat plied their oars, and kept a tight strain upon the tow-line, and in a few moments the watery barrier was passed. It was a beautiful sight to see the noble animal standing apparently firm and unmoved when the surf dashed over the catamaran, and broke in white foam around him. It was an interesting proof of his confidence in man, that, though danger presented itself in such a novel and startling aspect, he braved it without flinching while he knew that his keeper was with him. The outer line of surf was easily passed, for on the day in question it was scarcely perceptible; and the novel spectacle presented itself, of a man riding over the sea upon an elephant. Meantime every thing was in readiness on board the ship for his reception. A pair of immense slings had been prepared, such as are used for hoisting horses on board, only of larger dimensions and much stronger materials; he had been regularly measured for them some days before. I will attempt to describe them for the benefit of the uninitiated. They were made of strong canvass, bound (as the ladies would say) with small rope, formed into a long broad belt to pass under his belly, with a smaller one to pass behind like a breechin, and another similar one to go over his breast, to prevent his slipping out; each end of the large belt or belly-band was strongly secured over a stout round bar of wood, to the extremities of which were fastened the ends of a short strong rope, with an iron thimble in the bight, or centre. The main-yard was topped up and well secured; and as soon as the raft came alongside, the hands were called out, and every soul in the ship sent up to the tackle-fall. As soon as the slings were properly adjusted, the elephant's legs were released, and the keeper came on

board. One of the men on the raft seeing the elephant raise one of his immense paws, thought he was in a dangerous neighbourhood, and jumped into the water, preferring the chance of being nibbled at by the sharks to the apparent certainty of being crushed by an elephant. When the man swam to the raft again, and was laughed at for his alarm, he said he thought "a kick from such a foot as that would be no joke." At length all was ready—the tackle was hooked—"haul taut on deck," was the cry—"tweet, tweet," sounded the boatswain's call. "Now, my lads, for a steady walk," said the chief mate; "hoist away." The file struck up a merry tune, but was scarcely heard, for the men gave a cheer, and ran away with their unwonted burden; and in a moment the giant animal was dangling thirty feet above the water's edge, as helplessly as if he had been a sucking pig. His alarm and astonishment must have been great to find himself in such an unusual predicament; but whatever his feelings might have been, the only expression he gave to them was a loud cry, between a grunt and a roar, when he was first carried off his legs by the tackle. He was quickly lowered on deck, where his keeper was standing in readiness to receive him, and to coax him into good humour again, if necessary, with joggery and other delicacies. He seemed too much pleased, however, to find himself safe on his legs again, to think much of the novelty of his situation, or to appreciate properly the honour of being on the quarter-deck of one of the finest merchantmen in the world, but gazed on all around him with the most philosophic indifference. After allowing him a little time to recover his breath, he was coaxed forward, and hoisted over the booms into his new abode, the roof of which had been taken off to admit him. His keeper soon afterwards took leave of him with many salaams, and went on shore, and he was then consigned to the charge of the butcher.

Our passenger soon became reconciled to his new quarters, and was as much at home there as if he had been a sailor all his life. He remained on board the ship for nearly nine months, during which time we visited Penang, Singapore, China, and St Helena. His principal food was plantain stems, hay, pumpkin, and joggery, of the latter of which he was very fond; his daily allowance of water was eight gallons. He was remarkably mild and tractable, and fond of every one who treated him with kindness—would kneel down at the word of command in Hindostanee, and if asked to shake hands, lifted up his enormous paw to comply. His sagacity was astonishing, and would sometimes have done credit to a rational being: I must mention one or two instances of it. His cage had an opening at one end, about four feet square, to allow room for the butcher to enter with his food. One of his principal amusements was to put his head out of this opening, to see if we were all doing our duty properly, while his trunk was busily engaged in picking up all the "wee things" that came within its reach. All the he was enabled to do more comfortably by means of a stout plank, the end of which projected a couple of feet into the cage, and which he made use of as a step. One day the carpenter requiring some of the plank for a particular purpose, cut a few feet off the end of it, and it was then too short to reach the cage. As soon as the elephant missed his footstool, he began to show his displeasure by tearing down the thin planks with which his cage was lined, and uttering cries of anger. At last he caught sight of a pack of staves lying on the booms near him, twisted his trunk round it, and dragged it into his cage; then laying it down where the plank had been before, he mounted upon it, and gave a grunt of pleasure. On another occasion the ship was staggering along before a strong breeze, and was rather suddenly hauled to the wind, which of course made her lie over very much. The moment the elephant felt the ship heeling over, he whirled round with his head to windward, and instantly thrusting his trunk through between the bars of his cage, twisted it round one of the spars lashed outside, and held on by it. When we arrived at Blackwall in April 1831, crowds of visitors came on board to see the new importation, and they were all much pleased with his gentleness and docility. He took every thing that was offered him in the eating way, and was not at all particular in his tastes; indeed, on one occasion, a lady who put her reticule within tempting distance of his trunk, was rather astonished to see it transferred with surprising celerity from her hand to his mouth, and he swallowed it with as much relish, apparently, as if it had been a cabbage-leaf.

At last he was purchased for the Regent Park Zoological Gardens, and, I believe, proved a good speculation to the captain. A strong platform was erected on an inclined plane from the ship's gangway down to the dock-walk, for the elephant's accommodation in disembarking—but in vain; he put one foot upon it, fancied it was not firm, and drew back; and nothing could have persuaded him to make a second attempt. We were obliged to hoist him out at last. As soon as he stood once more on the land, long lines were fastened to his feet to check him in case he should attempt to run away, and he then quietly followed his keeper. As soon as he passed the dock-gate, where a crowd were assembled to welcome his appearance, he caught sight of the green hedges and trees down a lane to the right, and set off at a swinging trot to have a nearer look at them, trailing after him a whole rabble of boys, who were shouting and tugging at his heel-ropes. He was soon obliged to stop, and then housed in a neigh-



bouring stable till the middle of the night; and when all was still, he was quietly marched up to his new quarters in Regent Park. Some weeks afterwards, a friend accompanied me to the Zoological Gardens to visit our old shipmate, and see whether he would recognise us. As he was still a novelty, a number of people were assembled round his house, feeding him with cakes, and other acceptables of the kind. When we spoke to him, he seemed to recognise us, but whether he did so or not, he understood us, for, to the great surprise of the persons around, when we said in Hindostanee, "Kneel down," he did so immediately, and likewise raised his foot to shake hands, when told. I have not seen him since that time, but I have heard that he is doing well, and has greatly increased in size since he left his native shores.

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HALLER.

THE science of medicine has been indebted to three great men in modern times—Boerhaave, a native of Holland; Haller, a Swiss; and Cullen, a Scotchman—individuals who laboured with distinguished success as physicians in their respective countries, and of whose useful lives it is pleasing to peruse a passing sketch. On the present occasion, we propose to speak of the illustrious Haller, of whom little is popularly known in this country.

Albert Haller was the youngest of five brothers, and was born on the 16th of October 1708, at Berne. His father practised the law as an advocate at that place, but, in 1713, removed to Baden, in the same canton, where he received an official station. When a person in after-life has rendered himself a distinguished character, there are always many particulars of his early genius related, which are often either false or nonsensical; but, in the instance of Haller, premature abilities and application are incontestably proved. When he had scarcely attained his fifth year, he was accustomed to write the new words which he recollected to have heard in the course of the day. His progress in the languages was so rapid, that in his tenth year he could translate from the Greek, and had composed for his own use a Greek and Hebrew lexicon. His passion for letters was also general and ardent, that, about the same period, he abridged from Bayle and Moreri an historical dictionary, comprising above two thousand lives. His studies were at this time considered too desultory by his father, who wished to confine him to the profession of the law; but his death, in 1721, prevented him from curbing the natural bias of young Haller's mind. Upon the event which deprived him of the paternal care, he was removed to Berne, where he was sent to a public school, but shortly afterwards he retired to Bienne, where he prosecuted his studies with redoubled energy.

During his residence at Bienne, Haller began a custom which he afterwards followed through life, that of writing his opinion of the books which he perused, and making large extracts from them. The utility of this system has been repeatedly evidenced in the lives of several distinguished literary persons. He also, at this time, gave a loose to the fine poetic imagination wherewith nature had gifted him, for, amidst such romantic scenes, any slumbering genius of that order was sure to be awakened. Various pieces in the epic, dramatic, and lyric styles, were composed by him at Bienne; and so highly did he value them, that, during a fire which broke out in the house he resided in, he rushed into his apartment to the hazard of his life to save his poetry, leaving his other papers to the flames. At a more mature age, he judged it expedient to consign voluntarily to the fire those very productions which he had preserved with such solicitude.

Up till this period, Haller had swept through general literature without attaching himself to any particular study. But now he began to feel the ill effects of so desultory a course, and he resolved to dedicate himself to physic, as a study comprehending such a variety of literary pursuits, as promised full activity to his mind. Thus, in 1723, he was removed to the university of Tübingen, where he entered with his accustomed ardour into the study of anatomy and botany, in the acquisition of which sciences he soon made rapid progress. His pursuit of these branches of learning was, however, much against his own inclination, for the dissecting-room, in particular, was a disagreeable object to him, and the badness of his sight rendered botany a fatiguing and irksome labour. His subsequent devotion to these sciences, and his celebrity in them, show how unconquerable his resolution under difficulties was, and how much perseverance will always effect. But whilst he devoted much of his time to these two important studies, he could not control his eager desire for knowledge within even such ample limits, for it was at this period that he mastered natural philosophy and mineralogy, in the latter of which he distinguished himself by an elaborate essay in confutation of the error of Tournefort, in ascribing to fossils a vegetating power. During his stay at Tübingen, the acquisition of the dead and living languages seems to have been a sort of pastime with him.

At length, in 1725, in the seventeenth year of his age, he repaired to Leyden, to imbibe the lessons of the great Boerhaave, who was then flourishing in all his fame. The health of the young aspirant after knowledge, however, became affected by over-exercution, and he was compelled for some time to relax

the severity of his application. A short journey into Germany in some measure reinstated his bodily vigour, and on his return to Leyden in 1726, he passed with acclamation the ordeal of examination, and received his degree of doctor of medicine, being at the time little above eighteen years of age. In the two subsequent years, he visited England and France, where his fame had already preceded him, and he was received by the most eminent surgical men of the day with distinguished honour. Like all the Swiss, however, his longing for his native mountains was irresistible, and, smitten with the home-sickness, he returned to his own country, stopping at Basle, to study mathematics and algebra under the celebrated John Bernoulli.

Upon his return to his native and much-loved Berne, he was doomed to exemplify the truth of the aphorism, "that a prophet has no honour in his own country." He had fondly expected to have been received with some portion of that respect and honour which had attended him in foreign countries; but the citizens of the Swiss republics, though an honest, frugal, independent race, are less struck with the glare of literary renown than the denizens of more refined societies. Haller met with cold neglect from his countrymen, not being able to procure even the situation of physician to an hospital. All he could obtain from an illiterate and parsimonious government was the institution of a theatre of anatomy, in which he had the privilege of delivering lectures gratis. But in other lands his fame was more appreciated; for even the distant university of Upsala in Sweden solicited the honour of ranking him as a member. At length, in 1736, he received the offer of the professorship of physic, botany, and surgery, in the university of Göttingen, newly established by George II., King of Great Britain and Elector of Hanover. Yet so much attached was Haller to the soil of his nativity, that it was with reluctance he tore himself from his unappreciating fellow-citizens, and accepted an invitation, which was in itself agreeable to his feelings, and important to him in a pecuniary point of view.

He remained for seventeen years at Göttingen, in the course of which time he achieved his principal labours. The duties of his professorship embraced the formation and superintendence of a botanical garden, besides the lectureship in the theatre of anatomy, the school of midwifery, and the college of surgery, which avocations seemed only as a whet to more considerable undertakings. Since 1728, he had devoted himself with great ardour to the study of botany; and in prosecution of a design he had formed of a Swiss Flora, he had every year made an expedition into various parts of Switzerland, and amongst the Alps. These admirable contributions to the cause of botanical knowledge render it probable, that, had not the field been so much pre-occupied by the great Swede Linnaeus, Haller would have stood first amongst his contemporaries as an improver of that science.

His discoveries and labours in botany, however, only occupied part of his time. So completely had the love of science enabled him to subdue an innate repugnance to dissection, that in 1742 he pronounced an elegant and spirited eulogium upon the employment, and his zeal in the pursuit of anatomical discoveries was attended with brilliant results. His distribution of the arterial system was more complete than any that had yet been promulgated. The first part of his great work on this subject was published in 1743, and the last in 1756. His tracts on other parts of anatomy form three quarto volumes. Although some of his discoveries were contested by his contemporaries, yet his right to most of them is undoubted; and the light which he threw upon incubation, ossification, irritability, and various other parts of the animal economy, has rendered his name famous in all countries. To particularise the extent of his labours in the cause of medical science would here be impossible, and it would be equally difficult for us to describe the excitement which his discoveries created, or the honours by which they were rewarded. Every effort was made to attract him from Berne in Switzerland, where he finally settled, and became a zealous patriot. One of his greatest works was entitled "the Elements of the Physiology of the Human Body," comprised in eight volumes in quarto, which successively made their appearance from 1757 till 1766. In conformity to Boerhaave's plan, he emancipated this part of the science of physic from theoretical subtlety, from the shackles of metaphysical, mechanical, and chemical hypothesis, with which for ages it had been encumbered, and for the first time built it on the true basis of anatomical knowledge. "It will be sufficient to observe," says a medical critic, "that the exquisite knowledge which he has displayed in relation to the structure of the human body, his indefatigable researches into the facts and opinions of his predecessors, the judicious selection of them to establish his own hypothesis, his skill in comparative anatomy, the extent of his own discoveries, and the application of the whole to illustrate the use of the parts in the human frame, afford such an instance of learning, industry, penetration, and genius, as will transmit the author's name to posterity among the greatest contributors to useful knowledge."

The last scene in the life of Haller was remarkable. When the final hour came, he exhibited a calmness and presence of mind which has never perhaps been paralleled. With his finger on his wrist, he said to his physician, "My friend, I am dying—the artery has ceased to beat!" and immediately expired. This

event took place on 12th December 1777, in the seventieth year of his age. Michaelis, the eminent Orientalist, applied to him the observation which had been so justly made on the genius of Aristotle—"He left nothing unexplored either in the heavens, on the earth, or in the sea, and, to a capacity so wonderful, each subject of inquiry was so fitted, that it might be said he had been born for that alone."

This eminent man was thrice married, and the love he bore his wives seems to have been of the most ardent nature. His elegy on his first wife is considered one of the most beautiful plaintive compositions in the German language. He, besides, wrote and even published the lives of his two first consorts, which is a tribute very few widowers pay to departed worth. His last wife survived him. He had in all eight children, and his parental feelings were gratified by seeing them all comfortably provided for before his death. It is seldom that the life of a great man presents so complete an absence of anything calling for reprobation as Haller's. His career was one continued effort to promote the happiness, by advancing the knowledge, of his species, and the fame which he acquired never disturbed the native simplicity and benevolence of his character. Such an individual is an honour to human nature, and the achievements of warriors and conquerors are pests and scourges when the beneficial labours of such a man are weighed against them.

## GLASGOW MALLEABLE IRON WORKS.

IRON, of all metals, is the most important and valuable, when we consider the innumerable uses to which it may be turned. The Buccaneers, when they plied their hateful avocation, and were honest enough to patronise the principle of barter, commanded every necessary on the strength of this article alone; the untutored Indians, with stores of hidden wealth under their feet, knew not how to barb their arrows properly without the aid of such foreigners as accident or the love of adventure threw in their way; and although they almost every where have made prodigious advances since Mr Locke penned the following passage in his well-known "Essay on the Human Understanding," it is still unfortunately too applicable to the more benighted portions of the globe. "Whatever we think of our arts or improvements in this part of the world, where knowledge and plenty seem to vie with each other, were the use of iron lost among us, we should in a few ages be unavoidably reduced to the wants and ignorance of the ancient savage Americans; so that he who first made use of that apparently contemptible mineral, may be truly styled the father of arts and author of plenty."

These remarks may be pronounced strikingly just; and comparing times past with times present—the infancy of art with its growing maturity—we almost regret that so sagacious an observer did not survive to witness some of the wonders of the present century: such as three hundred furnaces in full operation, iron bridges swung across arms of the sea, boats built of the same material, locomotives rivaling the eagle's flight, and America, in place of an endless forest, a congeries of railroads, canals, turnpikes, harbours, cities, towns, and crowded marts of every description. In the absence of iron, the steam-engine and spinning-jenny, not to speak of many other inventions, would have been things in abeyance to the end of time—inventions, which fought and gained the battles of Europe, and are still equally useful in upholding the general peace of Europe, by conferring on a mere speck of the ocean a species of supremacy which is felt in the remotest quarters of the globe. Steel is simply carbonised iron; and but for both of these metals, where would be the commercial dignity of such places as Birmingham and Sheffield, the money circulated, the bread given to tens of thousands, the large sums drawn from foreign countries, which help to keep the exchanges even, and above all, the prodigious additions made to the culinary and domestic comforts of almost every nation in the civilised world? Simond, the French-American traveller, who visited Birmingham more than a quarter of a century ago (March 1811), and of course weened little of its present condition, whether as regards population or the improvements of machinery, gives the following vivid picture of what fell under his own observation: "In one place five hundred persons were employed in making plated ware of all sorts, toys and trinkets. We saw there patent carriage steps, flying down and folding up of themselves as the door opens or shuts; chairs in walking-sticks, pocket umbrellas, extraordinary cheese-toasters, and a multitude of other curious inventions. In another place, three hundred men produce ten thousand gun-barrels in a month; we saw a part of the process; enormous hammers wielded by a steam-engine of the power of one hundred and twenty horses, crushed in an instant red hot iron bars, and converted them into thin ribbons. In that state they are wrapped round a rod of iron, which determines the calibre. Bars of iron for different purposes, several inches in thickness, presented to the sharp jaws of gigantic scissors, moved also by the steam-engine, are clipped like paper. Iron-wire, from an inch to the tenth of an inch, is spun out with little effort, and less noise, than cotton thread on the jennies. Large millstones, employed to polish metals, turn with so great a velocity as to fly sometimes to pieces by the mere centrifugal force. Streams of melted

lead are poured into moulds of all sorts; and copper is spread into sheets for sheathing vessels, moved also by the steam-engine, like paste under the stick of the pastry-cook."

In 1740, the quantity of pig iron manufactured in England and Wales, the united product of fifty furnaces, merely amounted to seventeen thousand tons, or less than a fortieth part of the returns given for the year 1827, when the furnaces in Staffordshire, Shropshire, Wales, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Scotland, had increased to two hundred and eighty-four, and their product as near as may be to seven hundred thousand tons of pig iron. A very great increase has taken place in the iron trade during the nine years that have elapsed since that period. The demand for railroads has given a filip to the manufacture, altogether unprecedented in its previous history. One company in the west of Scotland is talked of as having cleared, by the advance in the price of iron last year, £60,000, and in all probability still larger fortunes were made in Staffordshire and South Wales—counties which produce more of the mineral in question than all the other parts of Britain put together.

Until very lately, if we except a small work at Muirkirk (lately enlarged), the art of making malleable iron was little known in Scotland. The whole mass of wrought or bar iron, necessary for the promotion of the useful arts in Scotland, was imported from Staffordshire and South Wales; certainly a strange state of things, considering the natural capabilities of the country. To produce the base of all the irons, and their highest result steel, three things are necessary—the ore itself, lime, and coal; and where, it may be asked, is the country, its size considered, in which minerals, leading to kindred results, are more obtainable, exhaustless, and abundant? In transferring manufactures from one part of the country to another, the difficulty often consists in constraining the initiated to become voluntary exiles from the land of their birth; but this difficulty the proprietors of the Glasgow Malleable Iron Works have fairly overcome, by the importation of as near as may be three hundred brawny workmen from Staffordshire and Wales. A beginning in this way has at length been made, and we have the authority of a most intelligent merchant for saying, that malleable iron works, whatever the scale may be, before the lapse of many years, will be established in almost every part of Scotland. Coal and lime are nearly universal, and the existence of these, apart from all other considerations, will lead to a diligent, and, we doubt not, a successful search for iron-stone, so soon as our countrymen become thoroughly familiarised with the practice of an art which, in some of its departments, is positively sublime.

On entering the Glasgow iron works, our first feelings were those of surprise, not unmingled with a lurking sense or suspicion of danger. A high pressure steam-engine, in connection with the uses to which it is applied, affords a beautiful exemplification of the power of art in the wars she wages with inert matter; the removal of the solid mountains themselves seems almost within the range of its illimitable powers; the force exerted is oppressively tremendous—the motion concentrated, rapidity itself; the mechanic's, like the magician's wand, seems to have called fiends into existence it is unable to lay. Ample supplies of pig iron, coal, and clay, are received by the Glasgow Iron Company by means of the Canal, which is situated immediately behind their works. The first process is that of refining, and, with a view to this, ore such as is used by the founders is put into the finery along with a due proportion of charcoal, and melted by means of a powerful blast. The roaring of the bellows is heard at a considerable distance, and the metal, when thoroughly boiled or melted, remains in the liquid state an hour and a half; it is then run into a cast-iron mould, and cooled as rapidly as possible, and receives, when this operation is finished, the name of refined metal. At this stage it is broken small, weighed into charges, and thrown into the puddling furnaces, where the conversion takes place from the state of cast to that of malleable iron. In these furnaces it is kept in a state of constant agitation for an hour and a quarter; two men attend each, and ply their iron *spurtles* so assiduously to prevent what a cottage cook would call "knots," that, but for the glow the interior presents, one might almost suppose them engaged in making porridge on a very large scale. There is a Scottish proverb to the effect "that it needs a lang-shanked spoon to sup wi' the deil," and the spurtles we speak of are so long and ponderous, that to wield them for half an hour with proper effect, requires bone and muscle of the first order. At one part of the process, the heat is so great, that the puddlers are compelled to cast aside their garments, and remain naked from the middle upwards; and such is the virtue that resides in puddling, that, but for the constant stirring, the fiery mass would, on removal, remain in much the same state it entered the furnace. The exact nature of the change which produces conversion is a secret unknown to the chemists themselves; but it seems clear that something is inhaled or evolved, which extracts from the iron its former brittleness, and imparts to it its future malleability. When the puddling has ceased, the metal in the fur-

\* In 1821, out of seven hundred thousand tons of iron made in Great Britain, only fifty-five thousand were made in Scotland. The quantity made in Scotland in 1825 was seventy-five thousand tons, being an increase of nineteen thousand tons in eleven years. It is probable that the quantity made at present (February 1837) is nearly double what was made in 1824.—Ed. C. M. J.

nace is rolled into balls, and in that state conveyed to the squeezers or hammers, by the operation of which it is rolled and cut into certain lengths for the convenience of the trade, and piled into heaps, from which it can at any time be withdrawn, under the name of puddle bar-iron. The next stage in the process of the manufacture of malleable iron is the heating furnace, where supplies from the piles just spoken of are brought to welding heat, tossed upon the floor near the rolling-mill, lifted by a brawny man, who is armed with an enormous pair of tongs; presented to the widest partition in the rollers; received by another strong workman on the opposite side; lifted and passed through the second opening; received as before; and, in short, zigzagged through every aperture of the ponderous rollers, "small by degrees and beautifully less," until the article is elongated into bars of iron of every varying length and thickness; or, in other words, such as we frequently see laid down at the warehouse doors of every furnishing ironmonger in the country. While the rolling process is in progress, a person, who stands beside the workmen, gauges as they proceed, to preserve uniformity; and, this duty discharged, the bar is stamped with the company's seal, pared on the edges by enormous shears, straightened where the slightest bend appears, and consigned to the heap of finished goods, ready to be thrown on the general market. There is something highly imposing in the operations of the rolling-mill, and the truly muscular workmen who supply the hissing grist that feeds it. The lumps of burning metal presented to its acceptance are frequently of the weight of fifty, sixty, and seventy pounds; and though a little extra assistance is occasionally given, the masses spoken of are for the most part lifted lever-wise—that is, by pincers—by a single individual; in passing the bars through the different compartments of the mill, not a single moment is lost, and but for the rests that occur at short intervals, and the beer that is imbibed to promote perspiration, it would be impossible to prosecute so exhausting an employment for the space of ten hours per day. When on the spot, we were lucky enough to see the great cauldron opened which contained the molten pig-lead; and no man who has witnessed such a scene—however dissimilar or disproportionate the scale—can be at any loss to conceive the effects of a volcano.

So long as the complement of men at these works averages from two hundred and sixty to three hundred, the manager calculates that he will be able to produce fifteen tons of finished iron per week, including bars, bolt-rod, boiler-plate, angle-iron, sloop, railway-bars, railway carriage-wheel tyre, colliery tram-plates, &c. &c. As the wages of the workmen vary from £1.1 to £1.3, 10s. per week, this head of expense of itself amounts to a round sum per annum, to say nothing of the raw material, fuel, charcoal, and various other items; and we suppose we do not exaggerate when we say that the capital embarked in the undertaking is not under £100,000 sterling. Two high-pressure engines impel the machinery, and wield between them the power of two hundred and thirty horses.—*Dumfries Courier*.

#### THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

[PRATT.]

IN the town of Cleves, an English gentleman was residing with a Prussian family, during the time of the fair, which we shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the dessert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves, and were suffered to play; and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a bird-catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity—a curiosity, indeed, in which every one participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed in the genius of this bird-catcher's canary. The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his fore-finger: "Bijou, jewel, you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honour; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report: you have got laurels; beware then of erring: in a word, portend yourself like the bijou—the jewel—the canary birds, as you certainly are." All this time the bird seemed to listen, and, indeed, placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice, when his master left off speaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them. "That's good," said the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. "Now, then, let us see if you are a canary of honour. Give us a tune:—the canary sang. 'Pshaw! that's too harsh; 'tis the note of a raven, with a hoarseness upon him: something pathetic.' The canary whistled as if his

little throat was changed to a lute. "Faster," says the man—"slower—very well—what a plague is this fast about, and this little head? No wonder you are out, Mr Bijou, when you forget your time. That's a jewel—bravo! bravo! my little man!" All that he was ordered, or reminded of, did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of tone and movement; and "the sound was a just echo of the sense," according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it ought to be) of musical composition. "Bravo! bravo!" re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room. The musicians declared the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band. "And do you not show your sense of this civility, sir?" cried the bird-catcher with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievement was going through the martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, "my poor Bijou," says the owner, "thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Show the ladies how to make a curtsy." The bird had crossed his taper legs, and sunk, and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our subscription assembly belles to the blush. "That's my bird!—and now a bow, head and foot corresponding." Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also. "Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—keep it up, keep it up." The activity, glee, spirit, accuracy, with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as with their clappings) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and carolled an *Io paan*, that sounded like the conscious notes of victory. "Thou hast done all my bid-dings bravely," said the master, caressing his feathered servant; "now, then, take a nap, while I take the place." Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeited slumber, so like the effect of the poppy god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling; and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering, and dropping as much on the other; at length sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture, whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honour to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, in the progress of taking which he was interrupted by the canary-bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again, the owner called him a saucy fellow, and began to show off his own independent powers of entertaining. The forte of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco-pipe, while he smoked with another; and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, a huge black cat, which had been no doubt on the watch, from some unobeyed corner sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of all opposition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awakened pity in a misanthrope. He spread himself half-length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird with the most undissimulated sorrow. "Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing; well may I grieve: more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drunk from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness; without thee, what will become of me? Thou it was that didst insure my welcome in the best companies. It was thy genius only made me welcome. Thy death is a just punishment for my vanity: had I relied on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled on my breast, at this moment! But trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table. Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be myself, for I contributed! I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic. O Bijou! my dearest, only Bijou! would I were dead also!"

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn bird-catcher, whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and drawing from out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrappings of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table "as in scorn," and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations. These were much softened, as is ever the case when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness; when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause. It is needless to observe, that every one of the company



sympathised with him; but none more than the band of musicians, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and, after whispering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, depute one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man, the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary-seed, the food of the "dear lost companion of his heart." There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution-money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful, but a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed, put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming, "No, poor Bijou! no; thou canst not peck any more out of this hand that has been thy feeding-place so many years: thou canst not remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee! Had it been filled with gold, thou hadst deserved it!" "It shall be filled—and with gold," said the master of the house, "if I could afford it." The good man rose from his seat, which had been put into some silver, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver, saying, as he handed it to his nearest neighbour, "who will refuse to follow my example? It is not a subscription for mere charity; it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this sophisticated, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow; and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike virtue, and—ought to be rewarded."

#### MANY SLIPS BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.

We have an amusing instance of the truth of this proverb in the following story, which we quote from an old London newspaper.—A gentleman, residing at Hearn-bay—a sea-bathing place on the coast of Kent, and now a favourite resort of the Londoners—left the Tower-stairs by one of the Margate steam-packets, one fine Saturday morning in the month of September, having previously written home to his family at Hearn-bay, to say he should certainly be with them by dinner-time that same afternoon. Precisely at four o'clock that afternoon, the steamer was off Hearn-bay; and if the Hearn-bay boatmen would but have put off in the teeth of a stiff nor-easter, and have pulled only three miles and a half over a bit of a heavyish swell, the gentleman might have been safely delivered at home just in pudding-time—provided he did not get swamped by the way. But the boatmen would not put off at all, which certainly was very stupid on their parts—for the steamer would not have had to wait much more than an hour for them; and in the mean time, to prevent the said stiff nor-easter from driving her bump ashore, she could have easily let her anchor, and have remained where she was quite comfortable—provided the anchor would hold. However, the gentleman had only to go on with her to Margate; and as there would still be time enough for him to get back to Hearn-bay, by coach, before the pudding was cold, he did not much care. Well, they were very soon off Margate; and no doubt, the Hearn-bay gentleman, together with all the other passengers, would have been punctually landed there, only the steamer happened to come there just in the tail of the ebb tide—so that there was not water enough for her in the harbour; and the waves, under the influence of the nor-easter aforesaid, were kicking up their heels so furiously upon the jetty, that the captain judged it would be the safest way for all parties to go on to Ramsgate. Now, as it is not much more than about three leagues to Ramsgate, she would have run down there in no time to speak of, only, as the wind blew right in-shore, she had to stand out to sea some two or three leagues more—just by way of avoiding running her nose against the North Foreland; but, nevertheless, she got into Ramsgate harbour nearly a quarter of an hour before eight o'clock at night; and there was a whole shoal of shandrydians waiting to carry the passengers back overland to Margate. "Well," thinks the Hearn-bay gentleman, "though I did not get home to dinner, yet, if I set out for Margate directly, I shall be there in time for the Canterbury coaches, and one of them will drop me near my own house in good time for supper; so let me have my luggage, captain," said he to the captain of the steamer. "Why, sir," says the captain, "you see we are all in the dark now, and it will be a difficult matter to find your luggage among such a heap as we have; but we shall be up at Margate with the next tide, and if you are gone, I will take care to send your luggage after you—we shall be sure to be there before midnight." "Good," said the gentleman, and away he rattled in one of the shandrydians, and got into Margate, very comfortably, not more than ten minutes after the last Canterbury coach had left. This vexed him a little—especially as he knew his family would feel alarmed at his absence; but consoling himself with the certainty of getting home next morning to breakfast, he took his supper and went to bed. Next morning (Sunday) he was up at five o'clock, and down at the harbour to get his luggage out of the steamer; and as he was not yet come round from Ramsgate, he had a nice opportunity of seeing the sun rise, and of stretching

his legs on the cliffs. But he had not walked more than three hours, when it occurred to him that if he walked much longer, he should hardly get home to breakfast; and as it also occurred to him that there was something in his luggage which he could not well go home without, he thought he would run over to Ramsgate and fetch it. So he got into a shandrydan and away he went; but he was saved the trouble of bringing his luggage back himself, for the steamer had gone out of the harbour with it, just five minutes before he got there; and of course he had nothing to do but to rattle back to Margate again. But the shandrydan driver drove at such a rate that he got back to Margate at least an hour and a half before the steamer, and in the mean time all the morning Canterbury coaches had left. So the Hearn-bay gentleman had only to wait in Margate for the evening ones; and he got home to supper on Sunday night, instead of to dinner on the Saturday—that was all; and if that is not "very near the time specified," we do not know what is.

#### A LADY OF QUALITY IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

In the year 1610, died Sir John Spencer, formerly Lord Mayor of London. He was perhaps the richest citizen of his time, but the amount of his wealth cannot be ascertained; it was variously stated at three, five, and eight hundred thousand pounds. His opulence, however, was so noted, that one of the pirates of Dunkirk, who, during the reigns of James I. and Charles I., exercised their outrages with impunity on the English coasts, had laid a plot for carrying him off to France: but the design failed. His only child was a prize worthy the notice of a courtier, and she became the wife of William Lord Compton, afterwards created Earl of Northampton. At the funeral of Sir John, about one thousand persons followed in mourning cloaks and gowns. The amount of the inheritance seems to have exceeded all the expectations of Lord Compton; inasmuch, that, on the first news, says Winwood, "either through the vehement apprehension of joy for such a plentiful succession, or of carelessness how to take it up and dispose of it," he became distracted for a considerable length of time. It must probably have been soon after his recovery that his wife addressed to him a letter, which may be regarded as the most perfect exposition we possess of the wants and wishes of a lady of quality in the age of James I.—"My sweet life, now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose it were best for me to bethink, and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2600 quarterly to be paid. Also, I would, besides that allowance, have £600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow: none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlemen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with great estate. Also, when I ride a-hunting, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of these said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fine horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaid's, nor theirs with washmaids'. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse £2000, and £200, and so you to pay my debts. Also, I would have £6000 to buy me jewels, and £4000 to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing chambers in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpets, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you will pay my debts, build up Ashby House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you. So, now that I have declared to you what I would have,

and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me £2000 more than I now desire, and double attendance."—*Miss Aikin's Memoirs of the Court of James I.*

#### THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.

A MARKED change has taken place, within a few years, in the manners of our schoolboys. Formerly boys used rather to pique themselves on being slovenly in their habits, indifferent to dress, and inattentive to cleanliness. They thought of nothing but their sports, and held all things in contempt, a care for which would embarrass them when engaged in their rough recreations. In our time, a boy who kept his hands and face clean, his hair in form, his linen smooth, and his clothes in nice order, would have been the scoff of all his companions; a negligence respecting all these matters being considered as a mark of manliness. It was supposed that a boy who minded his clothes and his person could not enter with sufficient abandonment into the rougher sports; he was therefore despised as a milkop. Now our young people have changed all this. Our schoolboys of the present day are all dandies. At ten years of age, they are all Brummels in miniature, with their starched neckcloths, Stulz coats, Cossack trousers, and boots. Their fathers, on the other hand, did not put on a cravat till they were about sixteen, and wore open frills, short jackets, and corduroy trousers, well rubbed at the knees, by reason of the acquaintance that part never failed to scrape with the gravel of the play-ground. Their jackets, too, were seldom masterpieces of tailoring, as it was scarcely worth while to have any thing particularly smart, considering the ancient custom of always wiping the slate with the cuff of the coat: by which practice it acquired, like some other things, a high polish at the expense of substance. We make no doubt that the young gentlemen of the present day use sponges to clean their slates; and perhaps they have attained to such a pitch of refinement as to dip their sponges in water, instead of the old and more primitive plan of simply spitting on them, to which we cleaved in our time. We have spoken of "the young gentlemen," which is not exactly the right phrase. In our day there were schoolboys; there are no such things now. There are Eton men, and Westminster men, and Harrow men, and Winchester men—boys are out. A short time ago, we asked what we took for an Eton lad, of about twelve, whether there were many boys in the school then (it was just after the holidays), when he answered, pulling up his shirt-collar, with an air never to be forgotten, "No, there are not many men here just now." In our time, we wore our hair cropped as short as possible, because there was less trouble about combing it, and keeping it tidy; and, moreover, because it afforded less vantage to an assaulting enemy, and could not be made a handle of by the ushers, who had a pestilent habit of holding us by that tender part while putting interrogatories about breaking bonds, or some such matter, the answer to which might warrant a cuff. Now the men wear long hair, because it is better for curling. A hat was formerly a thing which never retained a likeness to a hat, or answered any of the known purposes of a hat, one week after the expiration of the holidays. All boys disapproved of the scheme of hats. They therefore played at football with them, till they knocked the crowns out, then tore off the brims, and thus procured the advantage of sun and air; but as in this shape the identity of a hat was apt to be doubtful, they put their marks on them by burning their names on them in large characters, with burning-glasses, which, with a faint sun, operate better on black felt than on any known substance. The other day, on visiting a school, we observed that all the hats had complete crowns, and knowing, well-turned brims; and it was fit they should be so, seeing the dandified little company that carried them on one side of their prim heads. These things we regard as signs of an utter revolution in the manners of our young people. Whether they gain or lose any advantage by being fine gentlemen before their time, we are not prepared to decide. It is possible that the coxcombs so early adopted are discarded sooner than formerly. Certainly, men are less dandified now than in past days, as boys are more so. The old school were rough in their boyhood, finical in their manhood, and finished in their age. The new school are finical in their boyhood, and rough in their manhood—what they will be in their age remains to be seen. We guess that we shall be extremely bearish, selfish, and disagreeable old fellows. The habit of our fathers of the old school, of making sacrifices to politeness, either conquered or concealed in a great measure the disposition to selfishness incidental to age. The men of the new school have no such habit; they are mainly addicted to the study of their own ease, and as it is the fashion, are at no pains to disguise the principle on which they act. Hence the manners which are called brusque. How this *brusquerie*, which is any thing but amiable in youth, will appear in age, we have yet to see; but we do imagine that the old of the old school will have greatly the advantage of the old of the new school.—*Atlas*, Nov. 1826.

#### STREET ACCIDENTS.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,  
And wary circumspection guard thy side,  
Then shalt thou walk unharmed.—GAY'S TRIVIA.

It is supposed that nearly one hundred persons are yearly killed or injured in London by street accidents; to lessen their number, the following rules may be useful.—Cross streets at regular crossings, but not at dangerous places, where four or more ways meet. Do not go before or behind a cab, or before omnibuses or stages, particularly if racing. Beware of cabs or stages hovering near; they frequently start forward in a moment. Beware of side streets and gateways. Wait patiently till you can cross safely—then step with firm, flat feet (for the composition now used to cement paving coars out and is very greasy, and mud itself is slippery). In case of urgent necessity, remember, if you push at a horse coming upon you, with your umbrella or stick, he will come forward, but if struck, he will shy; but remember, also, the poor brute animal is seldom to blame. If an accident happens, let the police and bystanders do their duty; watch the carriage and take the number or address; a false address may be given; therefore try to identify the person of the offender.

## THINGS PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

## NATURAL BOOTS.

Natural boots, having the leg and foot of one piece, are thus made in Peru:—"Take a horse, cut off his hind legs considerably above the hocks; pull the skin down over his hoofs, just as if you were pulling off a stocking; when off, scrape the hair from the skin with a sharp knife, and remove every particle of flesh that may have adhered to the inside; hang the skins to dry, and, in the process of drying, draw them two or three times on your legs, that they may take their shape, form, and figure. The upper part (about twelve inches above the hock) becomes the mouth of the boot: the round projecting part of the hock the heel; the foot terminates at the fetlock joint, where it is cut to the required length." These boots are called *botas de pelo*; and, we are assured, are very light, and as easy as a glove.—*Temple's Travels in Peru.*

## A TRIFLING EXCEPTION.

In 1643, St Preuil, the governor of Amiens, who depended much on a stratagem that he had conceived for seizing upon Arras, was anxious to engage a soldier named Courcelles to execute it. "I have made choice of you," said he to him one day, "as the most prudent soldier that I know, for a blow that will make your fortune. The business is to surprise Arras; and hear how I have planned it. You shall disguise yourself as a peasant, and go and sell fruit in the place. After you have done this some time, you must quarrel with some person, and kill him with a poniard. You must suffer yourself to be taken, you will be tried on the spot, and be condemned to be hanged. You know the custom of Arras is, to have their executions out of the city. It is on this circumstance that my design depends. I will place an ambuscade near the gate, by which you shall be brought out. My people will render themselves masters of those who shall come out who belong to the spectacle. I will march in the instant to their assistance, and make myself master of the place; which as soon as I am, I shall rescue you. This is my project; what do you say to it?" "It is fine," replied Courcelles, "but the thing deserves consideration." "It does," said St Preuil; "think of it, and to-morrow let me have your resolution." The next day Courcelles waited on his commander. "Well, my brave fellow," said St Preuil, "what do you think of my project now?" "Sir," replied Courcelles, "it is admirable; only I should like that you would give me the command of the ambuscade, and take yourself the basket of fruit."

## A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!  
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)  
Thou tiny image of myself!  
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)  
Thou merry, laughing sprite!  
With spirit feather light,  
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsold by sin  
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)  
Thou little trickster Puck!  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air  
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)  
Thou darling of thy sire!  
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy!  
In love's dear chain, so strong and bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents (Dad the boy!)  
There goes my ink!  
Thou cherub—but of earth;  
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,  
In harmless sport and mirth  
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)  
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,  
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny  
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)  
Thy father's pride and hope!  
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)  
With pure heart newly stamp'd from nature's mint  
(Where did he learn that squint?)  
Thou young domestic dove!  
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)  
Dear nursing of the hymeneal nest!  
(Are those torn clothes his best?)  
Little epitome of man!  
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)  
Touch'd with the beautiful tints of dawning life  
(He's got a knife!)  
Thou enviable being!  
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
Play on, play on,  
My elfin John!  
Toss the light ball—beside the stick  
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)  
With fancied buoyancy as the thistle down,  
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brink  
With many a lamb-like frisk  
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown),  
Thou pretty opening rose!  
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)  
Raimy, and breathing music like the south  
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)  
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star  
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)  
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,  
(I'll tell you what, my love,  
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

—Hood's Comic Annual.

## AN IRISH LADY FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.

We reached Mrs Aldgo's tavern (London district, Upper Canada) an hour after nightfall. It is a log-house of mean appearance, having two apartments—a kitchen, and a room for all purposes. It is, however, the most comfortable house of entertainment in this part of the country, owing to the excellent management and good-humour of the hostess. Four individuals slept in the same apartment, in two clean beds, in which we were told, by way of recommendation, the chief-justice and attorney-general had slept a few nights before. The next morning proved wet, which enabled me to see a little of the economy of the establishment; and I particularly remarked a poor fowl very unceremoniously knocked off a rail fence with a stick, and in the space of twenty minutes presented at table in the shape of an excellent stew. Mrs Aldgo is a genuine Irish lady, from the old country, and her kindness and loquacity during breakfast, which she served out, were unbounded. She did not always wait for an answer to her questions; and with a few pauses, held forth in the following manner:—"I was married at the age of twenty-four to Aldgo, then eighteen and a half, and the finest-looking man in the world. I lost him six years ago, God rest his soul! It was a sad loss to me, as—but of this no more. Yes, my poor dear husband left four horses, fifteen sheep, twenty cows, forty hogs, ox chains, anger, gimlet, and other farm utensils. Will you take something more, Mr.—? I will help you to a little more of the fowl; you must eat while under my charge, and not become thin—there, take an egg. Here is an elegant potato from the garden, where they are planted for the old woman, as she has not

time to go to the fields. My boy will sometimes say, 'Ah, mother, leave the gentlemen to themselves; but I like to press old-country gentlemen, when not proud. I never press Yankees; them boys help themselves. Yankee women are lazy good-for-nothings, eating cake and sucking sugar all day long. I attend to man and beast. Yes, there is no one to assist me in the house, and I look to the fowls, hogs, and cows; in the evenings, my feet are like to drop out of my shoes. Do you see that field on the opposite side of the road?—my hands burn all the brush on that field. Do take some of the bread baked by the old woman; I bake some every afternoon—that is handsome bread. The Scotch lawyer here, with the wooden leg, and angel children, brought his pretty little wife here to learn to make bread. I use no harm, but mix two parts of milk and one of water together, add a spoonful of salt, a little flour, and let them stand ten or twelve hours by the fire. Then make the bread with milk, as water gives it a black colour. I make my own soap—oh, darling soap—and never boil it. My boys have not taken wives, but my two eldest daughters are married. Did you observe an elegant store at the corner of — in London? that belongs to my daughter's husband. My youngest girl is at a boarding-school in London, where two ladies from England have lately commenced, and I pay for my girl thirty-nine dollars a year.—*Shirley's Tour in North America.*

## USES OF BIOGRAPHY.

Counsels, like compliments, are best conveyed in an indirect and oblique manner; and this renders biography as well as fable a most convenient vehicle for instruction. An ingenious gentleman was asked what was the best lesson for youth; he answered, *The life of a good man*. Being again asked what was the next best, he replied, *The life of a bad one*. The first would make him in love with virtue, and teach him how to conduct himself through life, so as to become an ornament to society and a blessing to his family and friends; and the last would point out the hateful and horrid consequences of vice, and make him careful to avoid those actions which appeared so detestable in others.—*Goldsmith.*

## DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE DUTCH.

A Dutch newspaper is a very curious illustration of Dutch character. It is about two-thirds full of advertisements, of which the following are a few examples from a single paper:—Marriages occupy a considerable space; some are simple announcements, others are a flourish on the part of the espoused—"To their friends and acquaintances—we, the undersigned, are married." Then come the advices of births, most of which tell the world that the lady has been brought to bed of "a well-shaped" child. Of these, all are signed by the husband, and they sometimes pour out a flood of affection on the lady. But the announcements of deaths are the most remarkable: some of them you shall hear. "To-day departed, after a sickness of ten days, my beloved wife. She has left me and her grey-haired mother in a state of despair. Weep with us all who knew her—weep with my children. They have yet to learn their loss, which they will learn too soon." Another, "My deeply-loved wife died yesterday. She has left me a pledge of love only three weeks old. Bitter is my sorrow." Again, "In my old age sorrow has overtaken me. Yesterday evening my daughter died, aged seven-and-forty years. Those who knew her will know my grief, and those, too, who knew what she was to me. In the comforts of religion I put my trust." Again, "Our brave son is dead. He departed this life at —." Yet once more, "Our brave daughter is no more. She died last night, aged only twenty. What parents feel, who in two-and-twenty weeks have lost their only son and their only daughter, cannot be told by words. Friends of humanity! trouble us not with your consolations, but shed a tear with us in sympathy." "After a sickness of a few days, my beloved husband died to-day. Deeply afflicted with my six children, I repose in the hope of his resurrection, and beg to recommend myself for the sale of coffee, tea, and such matters, to the general satisfaction."

## PROGNOSTICATION.

A farmer once with many a comfort blest,  
Honest and plain—his plough too always going—  
Still wanting something more to crown the rest,  
Took to himself a wife, active and knowing.  
Their days they pass'd with harmony full fraught,  
And nothing knew of matrimonial strife,  
Save from a cant phrase that his dear had caught,  
Which proved the torment of the poor man's life.  
To cut the matter short, a curious power  
She boasted of, foretelling each event:  
And did it rain, she knew there'd be a shower;  
If sinners turn'd, she knew that they'd repent.  
Where'er the good man, vex'd, would say "My dear,  
Old Hodge's hogs the corn-field have been plundering,"  
Or that the cows had ate the clover bare,  
"I told you so," she'd cry: "why are you wond'ring?"  
When freshets rose, and swept a fence or gate,  
If barns blew down, or cattle went astray,  
Or Gaffer bow'd beneath the stroke of fate,  
"I told you so," his loving spouse would say.  
One day to prove her wondrous foresight more,  
He hit upon a plan somewhat uncouth:  
He ran into his house and stoutly swore  
The hogs had ate the grindstone up smack smooth.  
Up starts his rib, so ominous to prove it,  
And gazing in his agitated face,  
Cries out, "I told you so; then why not move it,  
I knew it stood in an improper place."

## GRUB STREET.

Grub Street, says Pennant, has long been proverbial for the residence of "authors of the less fortunate tribe, and the trite and illiberal jest of the more favoured." This character it seems to have obtained as far back as during the Protectorate of Cromwell, when a great number of seditious pamphlets and papers, tending to exasperate the people against the existing government, were published. The authors of these writings were generally men of very indigent circumstances, who were compelled to live in a cheap part of the town. Grub Street then abounded with mean and old houses, which were let in lodgings, at low rents, to persons of this description, whose occupation was publishing, anonymously, what were then deemed libellous or treasonable works. But it was here that honest John Fox composed the greater part of his *Martyrology*; and it is generally believed that John Speed wrote his *Chronicle*, and Daniel de Foe several of his publications, in the much-abused Grub Street, and Milton himself lived close in its vicinity.

## HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

In Spain there may be truly enough said to be "honour even among thieves." The Spanish robbers generally giving their victim a certificate of his having been plundered, which effectually protects him from any further molestation.

## GERMAN WINES.

The Philadelphia Gazette assures its readers that some of the German wines are as sour as vinegar and as rough as a file. "It is remarked of the wines of Stutgard," says this authority, "that one is like a cat scampering down your throat head foremost, and another is like drawing the same cat back again by its tail."

## A PATIENT LAD.

"Ben," said a father the other day to his delinquent son, "I am busy now—but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a sound flogging." "Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the patient lad; "I can wait."

## SHIRT TREE.

The numerous and well-known voyages to the South Sea islands, &c., have made us all well acquainted with what is called the *shirt-tree*, as well as another kind, known under the name of the *butter-tree*. But it remained for the indefatigable M. Humboldt to discover in the wilds of South America, a tree which produces ready-made shirts. "We saw on the slope of the Cerro Duida," says M. Humboldt, "shirt-trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment, which resembles sacks of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of marina in the rainy season: they have the form of the ponchos and ruanas of cotton, which are so common in New Grenada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in these climates the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say in showing the shirts of marima, 'in the forests of the Oronoko, garments are found ready made on the trees.' We may add to this tale of the shirts, the pointed caps, which the spathes of certain palm-trees furnish, and which resemble coarse network."—*Tiltack's Map.*

## GOOD ADVICE.

The following words, it has been well said, are deserving to be written in letters of gold, like those over the principal gate of Athens, in the days of her pride and glory. "Keep thy feet dry—thy skin clean—thy digestion regular—thy head cool—and a fig for the doctors."

## BIRD-NESTING, A TRUE STORY

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

[From a pleasing little poetical volume, by Mrs G. G. Richardson, entitled *Grandmamma's Sampler, with some other Rhymes for Children*. London, William Crofts, Chancery Lane, 1836.]

LITTLE HARRY NEED peeping the hedges along,  
For dearly he lov'd a bird's nest;  
He soon found a linnet's the green leaves among,  
Then a wren's with the gold-tufted crest.  
And next a fine thrush's, the lining was clay,  
All smooth as a cottager's floor;  
Then a sparrow's, a robin's, a chaffinch's gay—  
He was never so happy before.  
Six nests, and such nice ones, how lucky was he!  
He knew not which morn'd he should admire;  
Some had eggs, some had birds, but to watch them and see  
How they grew, was his only desire.  
For mamma had oft told him 'twas cruel to take  
Either young ones or eggs from the nest;  
That the mother, if frighten'd, her brood would forsake,  
And she knew how to manage them best.  
So to visit his treasures tho' often he went,  
'Twas but to stir crumbs on the ground,  
And to peep at them softly, well pleas'd and content  
To find them all there, safe and sound.  
Soon, thanks to his caution, the parents, less shy,  
Would sit still when he came for a space;  
Or if they flew off, they but hover'd hard by,  
And the young they look'd up in his face.  
They would open their bills, stretch their necks up, and seem  
As if begging he'd feed them, and he  
Began thinking mamma was mistaken, and deem  
That frighten'd they never could be!  
And wishing, oh! ardently wishing he durst  
Take but one darling bird, one alone;  
He was sure 'twould be happy, and carefully nurs'd;  
It was hard that he could not have one.  
With these thoughts in full tide, he was loit'ring alone,  
Near the hedge, when a visitor came,  
Who talk'd of bird-feeding, as many have done,  
Without the least mention of blame.  
He chatted so freely of tame birds and wild,  
Of the ways to ensnare them and win,  
Soon Harry perceiv'd (more than half reconcil'd)  
That this gentleman thought it no sin.  
"But is it not cruel, sir?" "Nay, but why so?  
If you tend your young nurlings with care,  
Quite tame in a cage and familiar they'll grow,  
And as happy as birds in the air."  
"But I have not a cage," replied Harry. "Why then,  
In a box you may cradle them well,  
Till their feathers are grown; but the carpenter's Ben  
Has cages in plenty to sell."

Good advice, too oft, like free'd birds wing away  
Out of sight when the tempter's voice comes,  
But evil suggestions, I'm sorry to say,  
Boys pounce on, like sparrows on crumbs.  
And mamma was forgotten; she, hidden from view,  
Had overheard the temptation assail,  
And she feared for her Harry, yet trusted him too;  
And now comes the grief of my tale.  
The very next morn the chaffinch's nest  
Was empty and desolate found,  
And loud was the wail of the parents' distress,  
As they flitted distractedly round.  
And Harry was missing, and none could tell where;  
He was search'd for in chamber and hall,  
And then in the garret; and lo! he was there,  
But weeping he answered the call.  
The poor little birds, he had brought them at night,  
He had foolishly hid them in bed,  
And returning at morning, with grief and affright,  
He found every one dying or dead.  
His fault, his mistake, rushed in pangs on his mind,  
He was weeping with deepest regret;  
There was no need to scold had mamma been inclin'd—  
'Twas a lesson he ne'er could forget.  
But the penitent Harry, as fearing he might,  
And eager his fault to atone,  
Now thought of a method to keep it in sight,  
Some may laugh at, but I am not one.  
He begg'd dear mamma would allow him to keep  
In his pocket one dear little bird,  
As a daily memorial lest prudence should sleep,  
And future wrong wishes be stir'd.  
She kiss'd him, well pleas'd with the innocent thought,  
But that this could not be, she explain'd;  
And "tis not by sights resolution is wrought,  
But by principles, I'm maintain'd."  
"And what then are principles?" Harry pursued,  
"For I'm sure I would gladly obey;"  
"There are rules to be follow'd, which, known to be good,  
We let nobody talk them away."

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